

## What Are Friends For

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Summary: He knows that it's time. But he has something to do first.

There's always next year. Happens during Gift of the Night

Fury.

## What Are Friends For

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon.\*\*

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><p><strong>What Are Friends For?<strong>

The second the black Night Fury sees the dragons flying the opposite direction, he knows that it's time. Every muscle in his body screams at him to turn around and fly, with or without Hiccup. But, he had amazing self-control for a dragon.

The second conflict arrives when the young teenager's helmet goes spiraling down to the ground. Out of instinct, he turns his direction and flies after it, ignoring the Viking's protests. Eventually, he had to stop as he couldn't go faster, and something told him that they had lost it, for now.

"We'll get it later, bud," the brown-haired boy tells him.

He whips around and gets back to Berk as fast as he can. Just as the other Vikings surrounded and bombarded Hiccup with questions, Toothless notices a certain blue Nadder hanging back, urging him to come. He wanted to, but he knew very well that it wasn't worth it. He couldn't fly, and he knew from personal experience what could happen if he tried.

He feels Hiccup's eyes on him, but urges Stormfly to continue on without him.

\* \* \*

><p>His ears move a little as he feels the 'trainers' going by. For the thousandth time that day, he was thankful for his strong ears that made him catch a bit of their conversation.</p>

"You know, I think Astrid might onto something," Hiccup says.

"Easy for you to say, your dragon can't go anywhere without you," Tuffnut says. It stings, but it's true.

Toothless looks down at the ground and then continues to stare at the moon. He feels a vague longing tugging at his heart, making him want to be with the other dragons again, to be able to fly freely, to go with them.

And this is the last time this crosses his mind.

\* \* \*

><p>He's been on the roof for at least fifteen minutes now, smashing into it and accidentally removing a few tiles along the way. He gives another growl and scratches the roof again as another tile falls off.</p>

Before he can remove more tiles, he hears his name being called and looks down to see Hiccup coming up with something in his hand. He drops down to the ground and walks over to Hiccup, cautiously sniffing the object.

"What'd ya think of that?" Hiccup asks him.

He doesn't respond much, but since Hiccup tries to get it on his tail, he figures it's something to do with that. He moves around, playing with Hiccup. The young Viking sounds amused and frustrated at the same time, and the dragon has the satisfaction of knowing that he's the only one who can make him sound this way.

Hiccup finally gets something on his tail, telling him that he would love this. At first, his instincts take over and he panics, until his tail opens up. He stares at it, unable to believe that it moves to his thoughts, not Hiccup's. He tests it out and pieces together the fact that he can fly now.

Wait. He can fly now!

He can go with the other dragons. He can FLY again!

He's seconds from flying out that direction, when a voice in his head tells him to direct his route this time and go search for his helmet. He had overheard Hiccup talking about it, and it meant a lot to the boy, so he would do anything to make him happy.

There would always be next year.

\* \* \*

><p>He visits the spot where they saw it fall the last time and flies lower to the sea line to see a tiny island that was hidden from their view. He mentally blasts himself for not thinking of it sooner and

flies down to it.<p>

He lands on a sandy beach and begins to look for signs of a helmet with horns. It isn't long before he comes across a mark in the sand that suggests that it was here. The only problem is, the lines go flat and seem to lead somewhere. So, that leaves only one explanation:

Someone (or something) has Hiccup's helmet.

\* \* \*

><p>He follows the trail until he loses it in the grass. He wishes that he knew how it smelled when he gets a whiff of something familiar. <em>Hiccup!<em> How could he be here?

That's when the black dragon realizes that it wasn't him, but his helmet. He growls at himself for being so stupid and follows the scent, his head low to the ground. He looks at the sky just once, reminding himself that time was running out for him. He needs to find that helmet as soon as he can.

\* \* \*

><p>He finds it in the nest of a Terror.<p>

It surprises him just as much. He thought Terrors only collected food. Still, they had the helmet he was searching for. He came all this way for it, and he wasn't leaving without it.

He soon finds out that they are just as stubborn as him about parting with that helmet. The second he puts his head near it and had his teeth around one of its horns, a Terror startles him by jumping at him and grabbing the other horn. He grunts scornfully and begins to pull it out, but then two other Terrors come out and hiss at him, biting at his mouth and making him drop the helmet into the ground.

He growls at them and jumps down after it. To his surprise, they follow after it as well. It takes two seconds for him to piece together the fact that this was now a competition. And he had to get that helmet before them, or they'd never let it go.

\* \* \*

><p>He watches as the helmet lands on the ground and rolls a little way. He lands on the ground and walks over to pick it up when one of the Terrors, a blue one, stands over it and hisses at him. It doesn't scare him, but only annoys him. It opens its mouth to spit fire when he lets loose a tiny plasma blast, right into its mouth.<p>

It falls down, walking around as if in a dreamy state, smoke coming out of its mouth. He can't help but laugh at this sight. He then looks for the helmet and to his surprise, it's gone. Giving a frustrated growl, he looks around and sees a shine being emitted from a hole in a tree.

He begins to walk to it, but then sees a bunch of other Terrors pulling their bodies into the hole. Toothless heaves a huge sigh.

This is going to be a long night.

\* \* \*

><p>He waits until it's almost midnight before he tries to get the helmet back. He creeps to the tree and peeps inside. To his relief, all the tiny dragons are fast asleep. He puts his head in and slowly and carefully, pulls the helmet out. With the helmet in his mouth, the Night Fury wastes no time in taking off.</p>

He spreads his huge wings, feeling pride fill up inside. When he had those wings open, he ruled the skies. No one could beat him. He was the fastest, and the best.

He hadn't felt like that in a long time.

He decides to make his way back to Berk. Judging by the number of dragons flying past that evening, the migration was over. But by the time he starts to fly after them, the helmet slips from his jaws and plummets towards the water below. He mentally groans.

\_Not AGAIN!\_

He presses his wings to the sides of his body to give him a speed advantage and flies after the helmet. Luckily for him, he didn't have Hiccup on his back this time. The helmet barely touches the water's surface when Toothless dives into the water.

He erupts from the water with his prize.

\* \* \*

><p>When he reaches the island, he finds the lights on in the Great Hall. There's also a huge Viking ship on the ice. It looks so familiar he <em>knows</em> he's seen it before. It doesn't take him long to put together the fact that the migration's over now, and the hatchlings were brought in this ship. It's the same ship he's passed a thousand times. He even helped in its destruction. They didn't know it was him, but they didn't need to know. He sees the ropes attached to the ship, and figures Hiccup was involved in this.

He begins to get worried about the young boy. Where was he now? Was he safe? Did he make it back? Did he miss him as much as the dragon missed him?

He walks towards the Great Hall, listening to the voices of happiness coming from inside. He barely makes it to the door when his finely tuned ears pick up the one sad voice among the all other joyful ones. It's \_Hiccup\_! So he did miss him.

He pokes his head through the door of the Great Hall. There, he finds Hiccup hugging Astrid.

"Astrid, where did Toothless go?"

Then, Astrid spots him coming in and pulls away from Hiccup.

"Boy, I wouldn't want to be you right now," she tells Hiccup, "I mean, you brought back everyone's dragons, except yours!"

"This conversation doesn't seem to be helping." Hiccup says.

Astrid laughs and pushes him back. That's when the boy catches sight of his dragon. "TOOTHLESS!"

Toothless runs to him and Hiccup throws his arms around the dragon's neck. It surprises him a bit, but he leans into it. Hiccup pulls away and begins to scold him. "Bad dragon! Very bad dragon! Where have you been? Don't ever stay away that long! And just \_what\_ is in your mouth?"

He opens his mouth and places it over his head, placing the helmet on his head. Unfortunately, by now, the helmet is covered with spit, and so is his mouth. So, when he pulls away, Hiccup is covered with spit.

"Okay, I guess you found my helmet." Hiccup grins, wiping the saliva from his eyes. "Waitâ€¦ You found my helmet! This is where you've been all this time? You've been looking for \_this\_?!" He grabs the dragon's face and looks at him, gratefulness seeping out of his eyes. "You're amazing, you know that?"

Toothless hugs his young master, thinking of how everything turned out just fine.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I recently saw Gift of the Night Fury again and it got me in the mood to write this. Just a tiny thing what I feel happened when Toothless left. It was my first take on HTTYD, so what do you think? Think I should write some more?\*\*

\*\*Please review. It would make my day.\*\*

End  
file.